critics strangled him when he was alive. They are all vying with one another in their insults; terrifying monotony of these articles, only the first of which I read entire. One of them begins thus: *"Le Roi Candaule* had a dazzling success in Paris. [!] This does not surprise us . . . etc.— eine solche Schweinerei . . ." etc.

16 January

Met de Max at the skating-rink; motionless amidst the skaters, dejected, his eyes lack-luster; surrounded by agile swallows, he looked like a dismal stilt-bird from the swamps. White gloves, gold bracelet, otter jacket, derby hat. . . .

**You seem very melancholy?"

"I often look like that," he replies.

A few good skaters, but they all look like flunkies.

Translation of Dostoyevsky's Correspondence in the *Mercure.*

I had asked Roucher to save for me the article in the *Grande Revue;* with the Signoret preface and this new study, I am going to be thoroughly distracted from my novel.

21 January

I go to Marcel Drouin's and he helps me read the German clippings until dinner. Yesterday, 20 January, I received my *hundred and -fifty-third* clipping *(Candaule* was played on the 9th) — *every one* of them insulting, dishonest, stupid, unspeakable — with the notable exception of the two articles by Haguenin in the *National Zeitung* and the *Zeit.*

(I have since received three excellent magazine articles; others will be coming along.)

Copeau comes to dinner; after dinner Marcel comes to join us and we spend our time until one in the morning making up, out of quotations, a *letter from Germany,* which I copy out Sunday morning, go and read to Copeau Sunday evening, and take to the *Mercure* Monday. I think it is , . . just right

A bit more courage, joy, *pressure* these last few days. If only I could sleep! Already I consider myself *almost* satisfied with

these broken-up nights, if my numerous awakenings are without anguish and do not interrupt sleep too long.

I have slept better, having gone to bed two nights in succession at eight thirty like a child; but force myself to this! . . . regularly. . . . Give up all evening work, all reading! . , .

25 January

Inquity conducted by the *Berliner Tageblatt.*

On the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Wagner's death they are interested in sounding out "the leading artistic and intellectual